

Pileado March 6<sup>th</sup> 1846.

I wrote you a few weeks ago by a new year vessel. This is a new duplicate kindly do, as I intend to enclose one today in Mrs. White's, to go by a N. Y. ship, that sails the day they does from Baltimore. Yesterday was the first day of Spring weather. The cold has been unusual; uninterrupted sleighing, (in all the Country back of the Blue Mt & north of the highlands) since the 1<sup>st</sup> December. Four foot of snow is now covering our whole middle region, and six feet on the Alleghenies. Sleights flash through our streets like meteors drawn by four gnomes, and the laws of quiet seem suspended for the time in favor of the half-crazy hilarity of Citizens. But we look forward now to a rapid opening spring. Thank God for the Spring! Oh it is so heart-laving to hear the first birds & see the first flowers and when nature lifts her hand, filled with first fruits, thro' and heaven and swears by all that's green, by blade shooting & bud bursting, & nest building that God is faithful, and his mercies endure for ever. Now is the time for the soul that sits all winter on the top of the crag looking mournfully down upon the ice - now broken up and carried away - to launch herself downward after joy. It is vain to refuse deities after a more intimate communion with the almighty President-power of nature. Is it God? - is it one of his creatures, or crowds of them, or a mere dumb principle, idiot-wise doing daily duty without daily wages? What is it? On the inner coating of small plants are planted myriads of cilia, coming it with a fine down or nap of infinitely tender bristles; and when the microscope is applied each cilia is seen in never-ceasing motion describing an everlasting cone, (the apex at its root,) and thereby is kept up

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That mysterious Circulation of fluids which feeds the plant: and of  
a cilia be dislodged and swept away, it finds again some lodgement,  
is replanted by one end & at once begins again its endless rotations.

So round each particle of matter seem to revolve the little galvanic  
streams. So cilia fill the stomachs of the animalcules and carry  
on digestion. — What can be this all proceeding from? It surely  
is not resident in matter as we know it. It is hard to conceive of it as  
a principle. A principle is but a law — a momentary force. How  
utterly at a loss were we to take the first steps, after shutting the great  
door of the temple cella behind us. And those within, perhaps, —  
accustomed to the task & enabled to seek it — are smiling at  
our blindness. My spirit of air & earth, what fools poor men must  
be to your eyes! — Goethe makes his Spirit of Nature speak thus  
to Faust (who had Demjuid's hair up.) — The Conversation opens —

F. Disclose thyself! Ah! how it rages here  
within my heart! To new sensations dare  
My senses all delving deep attain!

I feel my own whole heart yield up to thee!

Thou must! thou must! and costly it me my life!

(He grasps the book & expresses mysteriously the sign of the spirit. A reddish flame  
flashes up, the spirit appears in the flame.)

Sp. Who calls me?

F. (turning aside)

Sp.

Brightful ~~from~~ Disage!

Might!

Wast thou demanded; sucked upon my spheres

For long, and now —

F.

Ah! I induce thee not!

Sp. Thou wast not with fighting to behold me once,

To hear my voice, to see my countenance;  
Thy mighty throes of spirit have prevailed,  
Where am I! — What a pitiable horror  
Grips thee, thou Super-natural! Where is thow  
Thy call of soul? Thy ardor? which unrolled  
Within itself a world, and ~~is its joy~~ swollen with joy,  
Throes hard to lift itself to likelihood  
With us, the spirits? ~~Where~~ Say, where art thou Faust?  
Whose voice I heard, who pressed so hard with all  
His powers upon me? ~~What~~ thou he? trembling  
In all the depths of thine existence; pierced  
~~Reached~~ by the tempest of my simple breath;  
A terror stricken, cramped & cringing worm!

F. Darest thou I give way to thee, ~~image~~ of flame?  
Yes I am he, am Faust, thine equal too!

Sp. In the flood-flourings of life, in the tempest of things done  
and doing, I wane upward & downward, waft hither and thither!  
Birth and death — one ~~infinite~~ ocean,  
One changeful weaving, one flowing life, —  
Thus at the roaring loom of time I work  
And weave for God his flowing robe of life.

F. Oh thou that broodest round the mighty world,  
Thou ~~spirit~~ <sup>juicy ghost</sup> ~~all employed~~, how near I feel to thee!

Spirit. Thou dost resemble rather — shouldst thou say —  
The spirit thou canst comprehend, not me! — Vanishes.

Faust, (struck dumb; — alone). Not thee? Whom then?

I, image of God dead, and yet not of thee? — Ye —

Goethe seems to have fully comprehended the impossibility of our attaining  
that after which the German mind so cravingly seeks, — to know the inner

Spirit of life. It is indeed found to be a vain Curiosity by this very  
impossibility, and may be regarded as one of the poets intended to excite  
our attention to Spiritual things & the ensuing states of our existence.  
But when we see Spring opening and its wonders moving towards us once  
more in their eternal cycle, so I have said, it is impossible to re-  
press yearnings after a deeper insight into the mysteries of life. We  
only sail on its surface after all, and the most nearsighted think  
it most shallow. — We have heard from you this again, though  
not from you; you were spoken. I hope you are now on good dry land.  
My whole heart is with you. May yours be wholly with the Savior.  
That is a precious thing. I know it from the lack of it. There may  
be much that is sensual in our love for the Savior — but is that  
anything more than a natural element in it? Is he not a  
man & are not we men & therefore must our love not be human.  
Was it not for the purpose of joining himself as God, within the con-  
tracted limits of our affections as men, that he became a man  
of like passions with ourselves and can sympathize with our  
infirmities? — (Yet there should also be the higher spiritual  
element — the unrental, shade of love), with the sensual;  
and oh the happiness of such men as Wolbeque who  
walked his Closet for long in Ecstatic Communion with Christ,  
and Abel who could have heard the Crush of heaven on earth  
unmurmured, in the midst of his celestial affectings. I do believe,  
I must confess, that the sensual predominates in all such  
Cases; but I believe also that it ought so to predominate; it  
must be just such divine human love that the Savior must  
rejoice in & our spiritual organs can best perform their  
Functions by. Jesus loved Mary & Martha & Lazarus —  
and they loved the man whom Jesus. — Peter.